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WINDOWS that SHINE

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Windows That Shine

Carrie Shaw Rice

Windows that Shine

By Carrie Shaw Rice

Author of
"In Childland Straying," "Where the Rhododendrons Grow," Etc.

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1922

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DEDICATION

TO

MY BROTHER AND SISTERS

LOREN, NELLIE AMD LORINE

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED

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For permission to set any of the poems to music application should be made to the author.

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Part I

WINDOWS THAT SHINE

WINDOWS THAT SHINE

My House Of Loving
Hath
Windows that shine...
Blue violets
Are thoughts
At the white sills...
Pink morning-glories
Laughter,
Rippling to the roof...

The Stream called Living
Runs hard by...
Each pulsing wave
Leaps to the windows' shine.
And—
Singingly—
A bit of glory
Rides away
Upon its breast.

PLAYMATES

I was afraid of you, Life;
  So daring and rude you seemed—
While others joined in the game
  I stood on the edge—and dreamed.

I heard you frolic and shout,
  I saw you leap in the fray,
While I stood timidly by,
  Too shy to share in the play.

But, ah! today Love came
  And drew me into the ring...
And now, with you, O Life,
  I leap and frolic and sing!

MOODS

The world is very old today...afar,
  The ancient hills forlorn,
Like futile giants doze (a stubble-growth
  On grimy chins, unshorn...)

Adown the canyon sounds your motor-horn!
  I laugh, I run with eager arm outflung...
Like conquering gods of old the virile hills
  Trumpet their joy...the world is very young!

HAVEN

The fringes of the pepper trees are hung
    With pendent pearls;
In trailing veils of mist, the phantom fog,
  Wavers and swirls...

With questing, groping steps my way I make,
    All stumb'lingly;
When lo! a light, an open door, your arms
  Enfolding me.

JUNE'S ROSARY

Like a string of pearls slipping
through the fingers of God,
The white days run—
Like fairy feet skipping
through portals of light,
Like sea-doves dipping
where billows roll bright,
The white days run—
Like new souls tripping
down sky's blue sod,
Light pearls slow slipping
through the fingers of God—
From scarlet sun
Unto scarlet sun,
The white days run.

Like a string of pearls slipping
through the fingers of God,
The white days run—
Like nectar dripping
from the heart of Youth's rose,
Where Time sits sipping
Life's sweet as it flows.
The white days run—
Like new souls tripping
down the sky's blue sod.
Like pearls slow slipping
through the fingers of God—
From scarlet sun
Unto scarlet sun,
The white days run.

SUNBURST

Ho, fairy jeweler!
Price me a sunburst,
Here in your crystaline shop
By the wayside...
Diamonds rayed out
On emerald grasses—
Quick, ere my Lady
Persephone passes!

BLOWER

A giant,
Under the rim of the world,
Is blowing
A crimson bubble
From a long-stemmed pipe—
Slowly it grows
And glows
Against the flame-blue
East.

MY MOTHER'S BLUE EYES

Blue things are beautiful...
  I love blue skies,
And the flash of wings
  Where a bluebird flies...

The blue of the sea—
  When a light wind frets—
The tender blue
  Of the violets...

But, blue of the sea,
  Bird, flower and skies—
All shine for me
  In my mother's eyes!

APRIL SWEET

What has chanced in Blossom-land,
  Can you tell?
Have the fairies spilled their wine
  Through the dell?

Pretty hamadryad there,
  In your tree,
What has chanced in Blossom-land—
  Can you see?

All the air's a-drench with sweet,
  Zephyr-stirred—
What's the news in Blossom-land,
  Have you heard?

April—emerald draperies
  All a-swing—
Is throwing kisses, sweet-my-heart,
  To the Spring.

COMRADES

Up and up and up I reached
Through the blue morning,
And—
There was God's hand.

He held my fingers close
The while
The sky broke into blossoming—
That was His smile.

Now, every morn, I stand
On some sweet sod,
And reaching high and high and high,
Through violets and roses of the sky,
Shake hands with God.

AS BREATH OF TRAILING ARBUTUS

As breath of trailing arbutus, on winds
  Of spring;
As soaring note from flushing skies, of lark
  A-wing;
Color and light and minstrelsy, to me
  You bring;
You trail your fragrant way into my soul..
  And sing!

BRIDE'S BOUQUET

A radiant bride,
In her going-away gown,
Pauses
On the gold steps
Of the west,
To throw her bright bouquet—
With trailing ribbons—
Far
Across the sky,
For laughing clouds
To catch.

LET THE SUN OUT

Smile, pretty Day, don't get up with a pout;
You've left your clouds all tumbled about!
Make up your bed, and smooth it right,
Put on the counterpane, blue and white...
Wash your face in the dew—and then
Smile, and keep smiling and smiling again!
  Brighten the sky,
  Put the clouds to rout—
  Let the sun out!

Smile, busy world of women and men,
Though downed in a bout, up and at it again!
Make your bed with courage and vim—
You must lie on it when the night falls dim—
Bathe in the dew of Hope, and then
Smile, and keep smiling and smiling again!
  Brighten the world,
  Put the coluds to rout—
  Let the sun out!

THE FIR TREE AND THE HONEYSUCKLE

The fir tree on our lawn
Stood like a young knight,
Tall and dark and slim...
With air austere and lone
He gazed forever star-ward...

The honeysuckle at his feet
Reached up and up,
Until at last, she rested
On his breast,
And formed a bower of cloying sweetness
  Round his head—
From where she looked down laughingly
Upon the modest garden flowers below...

She thought them envious, not knowing
  They were sad
Because they saw
Their friend, the tree
Was dying.

DISPOSSESSION

Autumn is at the door—
Come in, come in!
I know what it's all about,
I saw you put Summer out;
No grace did you give her—
Her face all a-quiver
She went away,
Lonely,
Over the moor...

No time to pick up her things—
Her music
Lies scattered about,
In the rills,
In the breeze,
In those swaying trees...
That's here blue veil
Trailing
Over the hills,
It slipped from her head
As she fled.

IF MY LOVE SHOULD RETURN
(TRIOLET)

If my Love should return
In the dusk of the gloaming...
  All sadly I yearn—
If my Love should return,
When stars whitely burn
Would I chide him for roaming;
If my Love should return
In the dusk of the gloaming?

VISION

And now the dream is over,
  A last farewell to you...
I look on high and joy to find
  My skies still blue.

The stars to golden melody,
  Are dancing still above...
It was not merely love of you
  But...love of love.

REMEMBRANCE

I found the face of Spring
  Pinkly aglow,
Led by the arbutus
  Under the snow.

And, kneeling above it,
  I started to see,
The eyes of my first love
  Shining on me.

HAPPINESS

I hurried
Down the Road of Youth
Pursuing Happiness;
But ever,
She went dancing on before—
Or shyly peeped
From unseen hiding-places
As I passed...

At last,—
Worn-out and weary,—
I sat me down
Beside the sea,
To talk with God;
And there was Happiness!
Sitting among the dunes—
With forget-me-nots in her hair,
And laughing
With jocund waves
That shouldered tiny rainbows in
To break in beauty
At her feet!

ANCHORAGE

As unto Delos drifting,
At mercy of each vagrant wind that roamed
The blue Aegean Sea...
As unto Delos drifting
Came golden-eyed Apollo,
And the glad isle, so deified
Grew fixed and stable—
Sheltering a god.

Such way unto my heart—
Like Delos drifting—
At mercy of each fretful wind of circumstance
A-roam upon Life's sea...

Such way came golden-eyed
Young Love, in shining halo,
And careless now how winds of fate may rage,
My errant heart, at last,
Finds anchorage.

NESTING

I listen for him
  Of my life a part...
Full, full to the brim
  Is my heart.

His eyes are dim
  As he whispers, "Wife,...
Now full to the brim
  Is life."

THREE STARS

One star gold,
One star red,
One star holy white
Glowing overhead...

Red for my True Love,
Gold for me,
White for the starry soul
Yet to be.

SLEEP, LITTLE MOTHER, SLEEP

Sleep, little mother, sleep,
In dusk of dawning, cool and deep;
The eastern sky is shot with red,
The stars are paling overhead;
Thy baby's limbs are straight and fair,
He hath his father's sunny hair;—
No more thine anxious eyes shall weep,
Sleep little mother, calmly sleep,
  Sleep, little mother, sleep.

Rest, little mother, rest,
His dewy lips are at thy breast;
Against thy side, so faint and sweet,
The pressure of his tiny feet;
A queen thou seem'st, lying there,
His father's kisses on thy hair;—
In God's dim dawning, hushed and deep,
Sleep, little mother, sweetly sleep,
  Sleep, little mother, sleep.

RADIANCE

Snow on the mountains,
Ice in the brooklets,
Frost on the pine trees,
But warmth—warmth in the heart of me.

Dark on the mountains,
Dusk in the valleys,
Shadows enfolding,
But light—light on the face of my Love.

PINK IRIS

Pink and gold and blue
Are memories of that day—
The day at Horokiri,
Where we saw the pink iris...
Gold for the sunlight
Spilling down
From freshly-scoured
Skies of June,
That fortieth year
Of Mieji.
Pink for the iris—
And my cheeks
When you named your price
In kisses,
In the shadow
Of the ancient tea-house.
Usurer!
Could not I,
Alone,
Have found the pink iris?
Blue for the Sumidagawa
Down which we drifted,
And for your eyes
Wrapping me in their blueness,
While O cha—the Honorable tea—
Grew cold,
To the amusement of an almond-eyed nesan,
Smiling and bowing
Lacquer tray in hand...
Memories pink and gold and blue—

WHEN THE RAIN COMES SLANTING DOWN

When the rain comes slanting down,
  And the forms of the great fir trees
Loom through the misty gloom
  On desolate days like these;
Then it's O, my Loved and Lost,
  And Love with the eyes of blue,
On desolate days like these
  My heart cries out for you.

From lips that would whisper of love,
  I turn in the firelight glow
To dream of a lonely grave
  Where the rain-wet lilies blow;
For it's O, my Loved and Lost,
  And Love with the locks of brown,
My heart cries out for you
  When the rain comes slanting down.

My heart cries out for you
  When the days are bright and fair,
But when the rain slants down,
  And a gray mist fills the air;
Then it's Love with the blue, blue eyes,
  And the radiant locks of brown,
But to share your narrow home
  When the rain comes slanting down.

I SLEPT IN THE OLD HOUSE WHERE YOU WERE BORN

I slept in the old house
  Where you were born;
I came to it by fields
  Of yellowing corn.

Across the fragrant paths
  Your feet once knew,
The black-eyed Susans leaned
  And spoke of you...

Beside the window stood
  Your oaken chair—
The stars were out, the night
  Was very fair...

At dawn, a wistful wind
  Walked in the corn—
I slept in the old house
  Where you were born.

THE PIPE OF EMPTYING

"List to the Utsubo Bashira, the Pipe of Emptying."
—Buson Yosano.

The season's rain is here. The sodden leaves
Lie dank, where nesting swallows chirped in spring,
And droning to the dripping eaves, I hear
The Pipe of Emptying.

And does it murmur of the summers gone;
Or mourn for merry birdlings now a-wing,
That sighingly its leaden throat complains—
The Pipe of Emptying?

Before the hearth I sit in Autumn garb—
The fire gone low, and no one left to sing.—
While from my roof of Life I hear its flow,
The Pipe of Emptying.

FLASHES

...Mothers...

I saw the heavens open,
And Mary,
With the blue sky as a shawl,
Lean down
And gather
All mothers sorrowing
  for their sons
To her white bosom...

GLOW OF GOLD

The sun shone out
A moment,
Strangely luminous,
As though God smiled—
Suddenly—
At what the angels told.

BARS

Long bars across the west...
The white sun
Peering through
Like to a wan-faced prisoner
Taking a last long look
At the good earth
He is about to leave...

CLOUD FORMS

Two giant forms
Clinched—
As in ferocious combat—
Slowly disintegrate
The while I gaze,
Even so, men...

STAR MAGIC

A primrose bar,
A star,
And mystery
Of worlds afar...
God, art Thou near?

A shining beam,
A gleam,
And ecstasy
Of Love's white dream...
God, Thou are here.

IN THE CLOUDS

In a downward arch of the clouds,
That was rocked on the billowy air,
A silver-white star lay alone,
Like an innocent little one there.

Like a snowy-robed infant asleep,
Or the soul of some glorious dead,—
In state lay the glimmering star,
Alone on its cradle-like bed.

Like a glorious soul that is free,
It lay in its beauty of white,
Asleep in its cradle of clouds
That was rocked on the bosom of night.

Thin curtains of mystical blue,
Trimmed in white, filmy cloud-lace,
Were drawn from the cradle aside,
Where a zephyr just held them in place.

Then, slow, as the picture dissolved,
A white arm reached out in the blue—
And a beautiful fancy was mine,
As my eyes grew dim with dew.

I thought, when our Father shall find
Us, silent in death's chilly sleep—
With strange, smiling eyes looking up
To where the white clouds sway and weep;

He will look on our folly and sin—
  Tired children, who will not awake—
And pardon, with pitying tears
  For our innocent babyhood's sake;

And, with souls grown spotless as then,
  With the laces of mists for our shrouds,
He will take up His poor, weary babes,
  And rock us to sleep in the clouds.

WHAT YOU ARE TO ME

What the bird is to the forest,
  The flower to the lea,
Rain to the desert—
  You are to me.

What the star is to the sailor,
  The breeze to the sea,
Heav'n to the homeless—
  You are to me.

DARK

The wind laughs over the housetop,
  Like a child in frolicsome mirth,
And dark, like the veil of a mourner,
  Drops over the face of Earth.

DAWN

The beautiful Lady of Night,—
Grown pale in the changing light—
Gathers the stars in haste and locks
Them safely away in her jewel-box.

EDITED

Once Heart and I fell quarreling—
  Hard by the Wishing Tree—
Heart said, with hurt, accusing eyes,
  "You stole those lines from me."

But Life came by, and hearing cried,
  "Don't bicker, foolish Poet;
When I have edited the song
  Nor you, nor Heart will know it."

CHRISTMAS

"Christmas," lisp the snowflakes,
Swirling on the breeze—
"Christmas on the housetops
Christmas on the seas."

"Christmas," says the Lady Night,
Lighting starry lamps,—
"Christmas by the fireside,
Christmas in the camps."

"Christmas," blush the Hollies
In the tapers' glow,—
"Get your Christmas kisses,"
Laughs the Mistletoe.

"Christmas," thrill the young stars,
To the reaching Pines,—
"Christmas on the mountains,
Christmas in the mines."

"Christmas," croon the mothers,
Where babes drowse and nod;
"Christmas," murmurs Mary,
By the throne of God.

A NEW LEAF

He came to my desk with a quivering lip,
The lesson was done—
"Dear Teacher, I want a new leaf," he said,
"I have spoiled this one."
I took the old leaf, stained and blotted,
And gave him a new one, all unspotted,
And into his sad eyes smiled;—
"Do better now, my child."

I went to the Throne with a quivering soul—
The Old Year was done—
"Dear Master, hast Thou a new leaf for me?
I have spoiled this one."
He took the old leaf, stained and blotted,
And gave me a new one, all unspotted,
And into my sad heart smiled;—
"Do better, now, My child."

Part II

HEARTSEASE

THE PLANETS' BALL

One violet night,
When clouds were light
As a dream just floating away,
The gallant Mars
Invited the stars
To a dance in the Milky Way.

From the turquoise walls
In the entrance halls,
Gleamed many a welcoming light
On the crystal doors
And the marble floors
Of mystical, milky white.

Now the gallant Mars
And his train of stars,
The gayest of all the gay,
At half past eight,
With hearts elate,
Arrive at the Milky Way.

Then soon on the hush
Comes the rustle and rush
Of banners and fluttering wings,
And the sound of wheels,
And the tinkling peals
Of golden bells on the distance swells
And throbs and echoes and rings;

For, rolling over the field of blue,
The open gateway glittering through,
With courtiers bland
On either hand,
And beauteous maidens at her command;
Bright as the glow of a sunset dream—
Her chariot drawn by a butterfly team,
With escorts and guiders
And manly outriders,
The Princess Venus in state appears
In midst of music and echoing cheers.

Great Jupiter comes in his coat of flame,
Escorting the Asteroid girls,
One in a gown of emerald green,
And one with auburn curls;
And Mrs. Saturn, arrayed in white
With her eight pretty moons, is a lovely sight!

In the midst of mirth,
The beautiful Earth
In a robe of beryl appears,
And is greeted with hearty cheers;
Then Neptune gives her his arm, and they
Go whirling adown the Milky Way;
But pause when they reach the end of the hall,
For the dancers there have assembled all,
And merry faces begin to fall,
For the fiddlers are late at the Planets' ball.

Then rings a shout
From the gates without,
Through the courts of the Milky Way,
And now, revealed
In the azure field
Approaches a grand array;
To merry music of swinging spheres,
Slowly the dazzling army nears,
As up the arch,
On his wondrous march,
To blare of bugles and roll of drums
The stately leader, Orion, comes.

With princely grace,
He takes his place
On a throne of silver and pearl;
Now ready are all,
Now opens the ball,
Now step, now hop and now whirl!
And who can vision the wondrous scene?
The lights of soft, mysterious sheen,
Falling over the sapphire walls,
The open courts and the entrance halls;

The rhythmic beat
Of the dancing feet,
As they form in a ring
And circle and swing,
And daytime care to the breezes fling;
Orion's throne,
And the wild, sweet tone
Of the music's spell as it rises and swells
And thrills and echoes and trembles and dwells

Till the heavens shake,
And the angels wake
To list to the musical throb and roll
Like the glorious song of a ransomed soul,—
And strive its tremulous course to trace,
As it faints and dies on the rim of space...

The gallant Mars,
And a group of Stars
Go circling over the heights;
By glittering ways
They dance to the blaze
Of the beautiful Northern Lights;
And Venus, upon their return has made
The Big Dipper full of orangeade;
And all go up to the Crystal Bar,
And drink the health of the Evening Star.

Comes the Pleiades,
With indolent ease,
On the arm of the Man in the Moon;
And all goes well
As a marriage bell
Till after the midnight noon,
When a careless fellow from Sapphire Vale,
Chances to tread on a Comet's tail
And a challenge follows; but Marshal Mars
Arrests the whole of the Shooting Stars!

In the silvery light
Of their starry height,
They dance till the night is done;
Then say good-bye,
And over the sky
Roll homeward, every one...
The music dies with a quivering thrill
As Orion rides down a violet hill,
And the Dog Stars only are left, to bay
Through the empty courts of the Milky Way.

The Sun of the Earth—
Though a lad of worth—
Next morning forgets to rise;
Sweet Venus retires,
And the day expires
Ere ever she opens her eyes;
And the careless fellow from Sapphire Vale
Is bruised by a stroke from the Comet's tail,
And limping over the saffron lawn,
Loses himself in the crack of dawn.

Poor Saturn is sad,
She cannot be glad,
For soiled is her mantle of white;
But her eight pretty moons
Are crazy as loons
For another such wonderful night;

And the gallant Mars
Has promised the Stars
That on some mystical future day,
They will meet and dance
Again, perchance,
In the courts of the Milky Way.

THE FATE OF GRUMBLE TOWN

Here are the ruins of Grumble Town,
And here is the pathway stretching down,
To where the waters so blankly frown
  In the face of the smiling sun;
And there is the spot where the Princess sat,—
The vain little Princess Ernestadt—
While wishing the terrible wishes that
  Were granted as soon as done.

The song birds sang in the leafy wood,
The froggies croaked as loud as they could,
The sun was going to bed as he should
  When the cross little Princess went
And sat her down by the river's side,
And sullenly gazed in the rushing tide,
And moped and gazed and grumbled and cried,
  Till she gave her feelings vent,

And said: "I wish that the frogs would hush,
I wish that the waters would cease to rush,
I wish that the west would never flush
  With the sunset glow any more;
But ever the sun keep blazing down
Till it burned the world to a coffee brown,
And all of the people in Grumble Town
  From the palace down to the shore."

The milk of kindness was changed to curds
In the breast of a fairy who heard her words,
And she hushed the songs of the singing birds,
  The frogs at once grew still;
The sun flew up to the zenith high,
And blazed and gazed with a brassy eye,
Till it burned the people brown and dry,
  Thus working the Princess' will.

Seeing the woe she had brought about,
The little Princess began to pout,
She tried to complain,—her tongue fell out,
So she tore at her golden hair;
And in the face of the heaven's frown,
The tongueless race to die lay down,
And that was the end of Grumble Town,
And of all the people there.

DON'T BE AFRAID, LITTLE BOY

Don't be afraid, little boy,
From your stolen day in the wood;
Tangled and tousled and ready to cry—
Don't be afraid, little truant, I
Would run away too, if I could—
Don't be afraid, little boy.

Don't be afraid, little boy—
But tell me how far you fared
Where lilies sway by the singing brook—
Don't gaze at me with that frightened look,
I would run away, too, if I dared—
Don't be afraid, little boy.

Don't be afraid, little boy,
Were the trilliums tall and white?
And the salmon-berries a paly gold,
And the frisky squirrels pert and bold—
I would run away, too, if I might—
Don't be afraid, little boy.

Don't be afraid, little boy,
For truants at heart are we
In the School of Life—but we'll do our best
To stick to the task, and leave the rest
To the Master's love and charity—
Don't be afraid, little boy.

GOING TO CHINA

Looly Bolooly and Billy Cum Bell,
One day while wandering through the dell,
Came to a hole in the yielding sand
That led straight downward to China-land.

Said Looly Bolooly, "I have no doubt
That we can go down and find our way out,
My Nursey has said that it leads right down
And into the beautiful China-town."

"Suppose we go," said Billy Cum Bell,
"Just think of the stories that we could tell
When we got back, of our wondrous trip
To people who go in a stupid ship."

"Why as to that," said Looly Boloo,
"I think I would like it as well as you;"
So she took off her bonnet and threw it down,
And smoothed her clustering curls of brown;

And Billy Cum Bell took off his hat,
And both were ready when he'd done that;—
So shoulder to shoulder and hand in hand,
They started downward for China-land.

Past where the roots of the grasses grow,
Past where the springs of the fountains flow,
Right through the rocks, and the sands and clay
Our brave little travelers took their way.

They came to a bed of the purest gold,
But O, not half could their pockets hold!
They broke through a strange and darkish crust
And sprinkled themselves with shining dust.

They came to a city with narrow street,
Swallowed and smothered by earthquake heat;
They called on the petrified king and queen
And took both their crowns and robes, I ween.

Beautiful jewels the children found
In that dark palace, beneath the ground;—
The mummies escorted them out of town
And wished them a prosperous journey down.

They came to a spot where the lava was thick
But held their breath and swam through quick,
It singed their lashes and scorched their hair,
But never a straw did the swimmers care.

Down, down, downward they went on their way,
Until one sultry, slumberous day,
A couple in royal robe and crown
Stood right in the center of China-town.

And the people shouted with wild delight,
Laughed and shouted with main and might;
And they built a beautiful golden throne
That the children knew was to be their own.

And there they ruled the city at will,
And there they might have been ruling still,
Had not the hour come round to sup
And noisy Leigh came and...woke them up!

For the King and the Queen of China-town,
Where the rays of the setting sun fell down,
Lay fast asleep, with their tangled hair,
A royally dirty and worn out pair.

A VISIT TO THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA

Looly Bolooly and Billy Cum Bell,
Whose curious doings I've promised to tell,
Went down to the beach one summery day
To watch the big, blue waves at play.

Now there was a log on the pebbly beach,
That offered a nice little seat for each;
And there they sat, very still and wise,
Big hats shadowing big brown eyes.

Each with a face as grave as could be,
Each with an elbow upon a knee;
Little brown chins in little brown hands—
Bright blue waters, shimmering sands.

And then each heaved a dolorous sigh,—
You know the meaning as well as I—
Four little feet were bare in a trice,
O, but the water was cool and nice!

Said Billy Cum Bell, "I wish that we
Could find that queer old Man of the Sea
Nurse read about in my 'Rabian Nights,'
My, but couldn't he show us sights!"

Then Looly Bolooly peering ahead,
Said she was sure she could see his bed;
So they started out in frolicsome glee
For a tramp on the sands, down under the sea.

A flat old flounder eyed them askance,
A young crab led them a pretty dance;
The sea-grass twisted itself in their toes,
And tickled them hugely, as you may suppose.

They asked a sea-cow, sitting at tea,
Where lived the dear old Man of the Sea;
But she only said, with an affable smile,
To simply follow their noses awhile.

At length, they came to a tumbled room,
Silent there in a green sea-gloom;
The doors and windows were opened wide,
But never a soul could they find inside!

So the children thought they would look about,—
As many grown folk would, no doubt—
And under the edge of the sea-weed bed,
They chanced on a basket of rubies red.

Now Billy Cum Bell was a boy of pluck,
So he took out a handful—just for luck—
And next they found a basket of pearls—
O, so tempting to brown-eyed girls!

Just then, with a terrible rush and roar,
There entered in at the open door
The queer old, dear old Man of the Sea,
With a bucket of jellyfish for his tea.

And then, with horrible snorts and groans,
He shook the children, he took the stones,
And sent them home in a terrible fright—
Was host e'er heard of so impolite?

But the strangest part of my tale is to tell,
For Looly Bolooly and Billy Cum Bell,
Neat and dry from toe to crown,
Big hats shadowing eyes of brown.

Sat on the beach, when Nurse came along,
To take them over to Grandma Strong—
And they told the story, as you have heard,
And she wouldn't believe a single word!

HOW KATY DIDN'T

One Saturday evening, Grasshopper Green
Tied on his new cravat,
  Parted his hair,
  With infinite care,
And put on his tallest hat;
And as he skipped o'er the waving fields
A grasshopper gay was he;
  For he wistled and sang
  Till the lily-bells rang
To the sound of his noisesome glee.

Close by the spring lived old Mrs. Did
Alone with her daughter Kate,
  And Grasshopper Green
  Might often be seen
Lingering there by the gate;
For Grasshopper Green loved Katy so fair,
And picture his quick dismay,
  To find her tonight
  In the lessening light,
Conversing with Grasshopper Gray.
But quickly concealing his jealous fears,
He took off his hat and bowed;
  His face was pale,
  And his heart would quail,
But his voice was merry and loud,
"Now, really," he cried, "I am pleased as Punch,
At meeting you, Brother Gray,
  And Katy, the pride
  Of the green river-side,
Am I finding you well today?"

Now Katharine Did was a bit of a flirt,—
Like many a lass you have seen,—
  And as Grasshopper Gray,
  Was rich in his way,
She slighted Grasshopper Green.
But Grasshopper Gray with his eyes half shut,
Was reading her like a book,
  And little she guessed
  Of the thoughts in his breast,
From his sleepy, affectionate look.

When Grasshopper Green went home that night,
A grasshopper sad was he;
  But Grasshopper Gray,
  Kissed Katy, they say,
In the shade of the sycamore tree,
"Money or love," mused beautiful Kate,
"Which, ah, which shall I say,
  Loving and lean,
  With Grasshopper Green,
Or rich with Grasshopper Gray?"

But alas! for all of the flirting girls,
And alas! for the lovely Kate;
  Alone she sits,
  As daylight flits,
Watching the garden gate.
For a sad old maid is Katharine Did,
As Grasshoppers Green and Gray,
  With their new cravats,
  And tall silk hats,
Came never again that way.

WHEN THE CHILDREN COME HOME FROM SCHOOL

As the children came home from school, I stood—
  While shadows began to fall,—
And watched for the gleam of a snowy hood
  And the flash of a scarlet shawl;
And a big fur cap on a curly head,
  And a jacket of navy blue—
My boy and girl, with cheeks as red
  As the sunset's rosiest hue.

Then, turning, I drew the table out,
  And laid on the snowy cloth,
And smiled when I heard their ringing shout
  At sight of the steaming broth.
A laugh, a rush of the frosty air,
  A hood and cap on the chairs,
A boy and a girl at the table there,
  As hungry as twenty bears.

They tell me a story of woe and wrong—
  Another, of pleasant tricks—
Then how the teacher was all day long
  As cross as any two sticks!
"And were you good, my Susie and Jim?"
  "O, mamma," they cry, "we were,"
And what she easily proves by him,
  He readily proves by her.

"My darlings must ever be good and kind,"
I say, with an inward sigh,
And then in my heart, "May they never find
A judge less gentle than I."
And, O, when the Father of all, above,
Shall call us from earthly rule,
May He as fondly excuse and love
His children, come home from school.

THE BIRD ON THE WITHERED TREE

As I sit by the open window,
  Where roses sway and creep,
In the sleepy hush of the nooning,
  A-singing my babe asleep;
He comes with a rush and a flutter,
  And merrily sings with me,
Of hope and love in the future—
  My bird on the withered tree.

"O, beautiful birdie," I tell him,
  "The trees all around are green,
In the shade of their leaves are singing
  The birds of your race, I ween;
Then why do you come, with your plumage
  Far brighter than those, I see,
In the sleepy hush of the nooning,
  To sing on a withered tree?"

Then he says: "One beautiful summer,
  A bird with a yellow breast,—
With an ebon heart in the center,—
  Came here and built her a nest;
And she reared the merriest birdies,
  And one was the one you see,
And all of the branches then were fair
  And green on the withered tree.

Now the birds and the nest have vanished,
And every emerald leaf,
I can hear the branches moaning
Sometimes, in their lonley grief;
So I come when the noon is hottest,
And fill all the air with glee,
In hope of bringing the freshness back
To the heart of the withered tree."

Say I "Your example has taught me,
O, bird on the withered tree,
A beautiful tender lesson that
Will ever remain with me.
And I think, as I kiss the baby,
O, will he prove to be,
When I am faded and old, as kind
As the bird on the withered tree?"

AT THE CROSSING

Now at the crossing, boy, you stand,
With sturdy heart and strong right hand,
Ruddy cheek by the breezes fanned,
And sunshine streaming o'er the land.

Boy at the crossing, look, awake!
O, be sure of the road you take.

Boy, at the crossing now, beware,
For many roads are crossing there,
And Sin's deceitful thoro'fare
Seems bright and smiling—have a care!

Study well before you choose,
Which you will take and which refuse!

Right roads crossed by roads of sin,
Naught to tell but the voice within,
Where right shall cease and wrong begin;
You'll be tempted; men have been;

For strange roads cross roads everywhere,
And you at the junction, boy beware!

Pause at the crossing, boy, today,
And count the cost, dear, while you may;
Think of the mother far away,
And breath the prayers she used to say;

Then all your doubts will disappear,
And show the right road, straight and clear.

THE UPRIGHT, DOWNRIGHT BOY

Now who is this goes by,
  His face alight with joy?
O, it is he, I'll guarantee,
  The upright, downright boy.

For the upright downright boy,
With heart and conscience free,
  Is gay and bright
  From morn till night,
As any prince can be.

His heart's a mine of wealth,
That earth can ne'er bestow,
  Should Vice allure,
  He's always sure
To give a downright "No"!

For the upright, downright boy,
The right boy up and down
  Is richer far
  Than princes are,
Awaiting kingly crown.

Though rogues may often win,
They're sure to fail at last;
  Though crooked ways
  May purchase praise,
Its sweetness soon is past.

But the upright, downright boy,
In any age or place,
  Is always found,
  The world around,
First in the final race.

RIGHT OF WAY

Count life as a field,
  With a path for each one
Of the children upon it,—
  Each daughter and son;
Don't ask for your heritage,
  Faintly and low,
But earnestly, honestly,
  Modestly go—
Claiming the right of way,
Making the right of way,
Taking the right of way,
  Whether or no.

The way may be rough,
  And the people be rude.
For you are but one
  Of a vast multitude;
Don't rail at the selfishness,
  Often revealed,
But let it inspirit you
  Never to yield.
Claiming the right of way,
Making the right of way,
Taking the right of way,
  Over the field.

Though thousands should stand
To dispute you the way,
Go fearlessly, calmly,
Right onward each day.
The password is "Energy,"
On through the throng,
Go modestly, pleasantly,
Pushing along.
Claiming the right of way,
Making the right of way,
Taking the right of way,
Singing your song.

The meadow is broad
You are starting to cross;
Go ready for danger,
For sorrow and loss.
Then, room on the thor'fare
Room on the lea,
And way for the resolute
Army we see.
Claiming the right of way,
Making the right of way,
Taking the right of way,
Merry and free.

BY THE COWYARD BARS

While the kine looked on with reproachful eyes,
And waited outside of the cowyard bars,
On the dewy grass at the milking hour
He lay as he gazed at the dawning stars,
And who knows what they were saying to him?
For his wondering eyes grew bright—grew dim—
While they danced in glee and seemed keeping time
To his quickened heart in its throbbing rhyme.

"Is the milking done?" said his father's voice,
"What, here are the cattle outside the bars,
And that stupid boy lies there in the dew
With his face upturned to the moon and stars."
And the boy stood up and was scolded well
For how could the father, impatient, tell
Of the heights to which he would some day rise,
His stupid boy, with the dreamy eyes?

My children, how could the father know
That a great astronomer earth can show,
Stood faltering there in his little son
Who was late in getting the milking done?
But weary of honors, in after years,
A man looked back, through smiles and tears,
To the old home scene, and the silver stars,
And the dreaming boy by the cowyard bars.

A SONG OF CHEER

Come, banish that frown from your face,
The planets are whirling through space;
The roses are blowing,
The grasses are growing,
The rivers are rushing to sea;
Shall you, and you only stand still?
Arise, go to work with a will,
Don't pause at the foot of the hill
To sigh for what never can be.

Though crossed in some beautiful hope,
Don't sit in the stillness and mope;
With wrongs to be righting,
And foes to be fighting,
Each moment is precious as gold;
The rivers rush on all the day,
The planets whirl round on their way,
Be ready and steady as they
And see what the future will hold.

THE LITTLE MAN WHO COULDN'T KEEP STILL

A funny little man lived up on a hill,
Such a funny little man for he couldn't keep still,
He would dance to his work and dance to his meals,
And tiring of his toes, he would dance on his heels!

One dark night in May he was coming from the town
Where he'd bought his little wife a pretty yellow gown—
When alack and alas! he danced off the bluff
And down, down he went to the waves high and rough.

Down, down he went, to the bottom of the sea,
Where a shark and his family were dining cozily,
But though a little hungry, he decided not to stay
For the cold bite they proffered, and hurried on his way.

He came to a sea-horse and danced on its back
And rode till they came to the Straits of Skager Rack,
Where the sea-horse's wife and little ones three
Were making macaroni in their cave by the sea.

Our funny little man made his toilet with care,
For some of the mermen, and mermaidens fair,
With a wale and his wife, from the blue Zuyder Zee,
By special invitation were coming there to tea.

When the mermaidens came—so wonderfully fair—
With ropes of shining pearls in their long, gold hair—
Our hero seized the fairest and down the ocean's track
They danced far away from the Straits of Skager Rack!

And they waltzed and they waltzed and they waltzed in their glee
Till they came to her home neath the Sargossa Sea,
Where her seven sisters sat in their seaweed swings,
Arranging pearls and rubies on seaweed strings.

But the eddy and the whirl of the Sargossa Sea,
Kept the little man a-dancing, fast as fast could be
For the grassy waters caught him, and he couldn't get away,
And the funny little fellow may be whirling there today!

THE CASTLES OF DROWSY TOWN

Away in the Castles of Drowsy Town,
  The lights are twinkling high,
The fays are pulling the curtains down,
  And the winds are wandering by.

The Giant Night in his robe of dusk,
  Is coming over the hills,
He's bringing an odor of rose and musk,
  And a ripple of distant rills.

This black man is as high as the sky,
  And his eyes shoot starry gleams—
And his pockets are ready to burst, well nigh
  With bundles of children's dreams.

He moves with a soft, mysterious tread
  Through the scented dusk and damp,
And he carries the moon upon his head,
  As a miner carries a lamp!

And straight for my little ones cometh he
  When twilight is dropping down,
And bears them swiftly away from me
  To the borders of Drowsy Town.

O, the gates are open on ev'ry side,
  And the children are trooping in,
With dainty cap strings cunningly tied
  Right under each dimpled chin.

And the fairies gently tuck them away,
  In hammocks of lilies and down,
And there they sleepily swing and sway
  In mystical Drowsy Town.

Then the Giant Night, in his robe of gray,
Departs for a scene of mirth,
Where brown little Chinese children play
On the other side of the earth!

So, farewell to the Castles of Drowsy Town,
And farewell to each winsome fay;
By heath and hill, by dale and by down,
The children are hasting away.

THE BARGE OF DREAMS

O, were you ever in Drowsy Town,
Just when the dusk was dropping down,
And the fairies' lamps were blazing high—
Did e'er you happen to wander by?

And did you follow the beaten way
In through the gates at the close of day,
And down to the quay where twinkling gleams
Show at her moorings the Barge of Dreams?

The children clamber over her sides
As lazily she at anchor rides,
Until with a slow and rhythmic sweep,
She moves a-down the River of Sleep.

Bright are the glints in the waves below,
Lusty the voices that shout "Y'ho!"
As under the arch of the Rainbow Gleams
Merrily glideth the Barge of Dreams.

Sometimes a mischievous elf will strand
The boat on the shoals of Nightmare Land,
Where goblins lurk in the hollow trees,
And bats sail by on the somber breeze.

For, the River of Sleep, you understand,
Runs through the region of Starry Land,
Where oft the brownies and fays and gnomes
Are wandering far from their rightful homes.

Sometimes they float over purple miles
And touch a moment at fragrant isles,
Entranced by echoes of music sweet,
And distant patter of dancing feet.

And the children drift in the white moon's track
With never a notion of turning back,
Till all in a trice, the lighted quay
And towers of the Drowsy Town, they see.

Under the arch of the Rainbow Gleams,
The merry crowd on the Barge of Dreams,
Over the misty waters sweep
Home from the isles in the River of Sleep.

Home from their trip into Starry Land,
Safe from the shallows of Nightmare Strand,
All in the care of their Captain Rest,
Float they home on the river's breast.

But "haste ashore" is the order now
Scramble out over stern or prow,
And up through the streets of Drowsy Town,
Quick, ere the castle walls are down!

For the restful shadows, dark and sweet,
Are chased by the sunbeams' flying feet;
The Day appears, with its pomp and din,
And the walls of the city are crumbling in.

DRIVING THE CATTLE AWAY

The pretty white cows of Apollo were lying
At peace in the pasture one day,
When a mischievous boy came flying and drove them
O'er the blue meadows away, away,
O'er the blue meadows away.

Apollo, Apollo,
O, hasten to follow,
Your pretty white cattle in peril doth stray;
O, follow, Apollo,
By hill and by hollow,
Goes Mercury driving your cattle away!

The flowers in fragrance spring up in his pathway,
He's fresh as the showers of May,
And he whistles and sings as he chases the cattle
O'er the blue meadows away, away,
O'er the blue meadows away.

And dear little children look up into Sky-land,
And merrily pointing they say,—
As snowy clouds drift across the blue heavens—
He's driving the cattle away, away...
He's driving the cattle away.

ROBIN AND HIS MERRY MEN

Beneath my favorite cherry tree,
My Daddy pitched a tent for me;
The cherry snow came drifting white
Across my grassy floor at night.

But now the bloom is gone; instead,
The cherries ripe and round and red,
Are waiting, cool and dewy-sweet,
Inviting boys to come and eat.

One morning, peeping slyly out,
I saw that robbers camped about;
They tore away from emerald stems
And bore away my cherry-gems.

Said Robin Hood to Friar Tuck,
"We'll leave a handful, just for luck;"
(Gay Robin and his Merry Men
Here at their eerie pranks again!)

One robber robin chirped in glee,
And flung a cherry-stone at me;
Another outlaw cried, "I am
The Sheriff, boy, of Nottingham."

"My tent's my castle, sir," I said,
As into it I drew my head;
I kept my dignity, at least
And left them to their cherry feast.

CHILD-EYES AND I

Child-eyes and I,
In the wood together...
O, the loveliness we saw
In the April weather!

Child-eyes and I,
In the golden weather...
O, the wondrous things we heard
In the glades together!

Arethusa's laugh,
In the waves a-tinkle;
Pease-blossom's silver wings
On the air a-twinkle.

Flower-crown-ed nymphs,
On the banks straying,
Goat-footed Pan,
All his pipes playing.

Puck on his throne
Of toad-stool sitting,
Dainty Ariel
With the winds flitting...

But, walking there with Old-eyes,
Grey grew the weather,
And all the merry, elfin things
Scampered off together.

THE BURGLAR NIGHT

The burglar Night came stealing,
A black mask over his face—
And, "Up with your hands!" we heard him say
To the old clock there in its place.

He crammed some silver minutes,
And a golden hour in his pack;
Policeman Day may catch him,
But we'll never get them back.

THE HOUSING PROBLEM

"This moving is a nuisance,
But we've found the sweetest spot,"
Said Mrs. Worm, "We've taken
A little apri-cot."

Said Billy Worm, the bachelor,
Always a trifle late—
"Drop in and see me...Toodle-oo
I have an early date."

Said Newly-weds, returning
From sporting on the beach—
"Come see us when we're settled,
Our new place is a peach!"

Said surly, burly Uncle Worm,
"You needn't feel so big;
For all your fancy places,
I wouldn't give—a fig!"

THE MAIDEN AND THE BLUE BIRD

"Pretty little bluebird,
  Won't you tell me true,
Why you wear a brown vest
  With your suit of blue?"

"O, little maiden, truly,
  While flying very low,
I brushed against the brown earth—
  Long and long ago.

"And, once, my little maiden,
  While flying very high,
My back and wings went brushing
  Against the summer sky."

Saucy little bluebird!
  Singing, off he flew,
In his pretty brown vest
  And his suit of blue.

THE POET'S SONG

A poet sang a little song
  Before the learned men of earth,
And as the echoes died away
The sages shook their locks of gray,
  And deemed the song of little worth.

The poet sang the song again
  At even, by the ingle-nook—
And children left their games of glee
And crept, enraptured, to his knee,
  With hushed, expectant look.

The poet's soul was satisfied;
  He gently laid the lyre away
And took the children on his knee—
"My little song will live," quoth he,
  "Forever and a day."

THE PRINCE OF DREAMS

Galloping, galloping, galloping by,
Over the hills and the hollows they fly,
The prince of Dreams from over the sea
And his dusky rogues from the Black Countree!

Galloping, galloping, galloping past,
Following, following, following fast
Go the children, lured by the dusky band
Away from the wall of Wide-awake Land.

Galloping, galloping, galloping on,
He's taken the children and galloping gone...
The Prince of Dreams, from over the sea,
And his dusky rogues from the Black Countree!

MOMOTARA

To Madame Mahkmetiff's little Chin Dog, Momotara

O, little dog, to your mistress dear—
Momotara,—
What do you see with eyes so clear,
Momotara?
What do you think of this world of bloom,
With its sunny skies and sudden gloom—
What do you think of it all, I say,
And what do you think of us, pray?

O, little dog, with the classical name,—
Momotara—
Content with never a dream of fame,
Momotara;
You are wiser than human kind, by far,
You would marvel to know how wise you are;
And, Momotara, I tell you true,
I would we were wise as you.

Tokyo, Japan.

TO A PUGET SOUND SALMON

Salmon of the Sapphire Sea,
Tell thy story now to me;
Flashing up the silv'ry streams,
With thy dazzling glints and gleams
Dancing where the water brawls,
Leaping baby waterfalls—
Marvelous thou art to me,
Salmon of the Sapphire Sea.

Prince in glittering coat of mail,
Salmon of the silvery scale;
Very much to know, I wish,
If you love the baby fish;
True, I know you point with pride
To your schools beneath the tide,
But the desks, I fear are low,
Where the Hump-backed salmon go.

Gleaming like a thing of light
Through the meshes of the night;
Hear me whisper through the sea—
Spear and seine are waiting thee;
Veil thy beauties then and flee,
But thy story leave with me;
Salmon of the Sapphire Sea,
Let thy story stay with me.

THE MOTHER RABBIT

My cat, with the delicate, snowy throat,—
  So staid and so steady of habit—
Now what have you brought from the field today
  But a beautiful mother rabbit?

Just think of the little ones in their bed,
  All waiting for mother to feed them;
They'll wake in the night and cry in their fright
  For mother, who will not heed them.

O, kitty, so shy and pretty,
  You wouldn't have done it, would you?
If you could have known of the babies alone—
  You couldn't have done it, could you?

They'll cuddle close in their nest alone,
  All night they will watch and listen,
Expecting to see through the dreary gloom
  Her brown eyes glimmer and glisten.

And now to look at her, still and cold,
  In the sun on the threshold lying,
While you look up with your innocent eyes
  And wonder because I am crying.

For O, kitty, so shy and pretty,
  You wouldn't have done it, would you,
If you could have thought of the pain it has wrought,
  You couldn't have done it, could you?

MOTHERLESS CHILDREN

I send this verse for a token,
I pledge these tears for a sign,
That all the motherless children
Are sisters and brothers of mine,
No matter at all your station,
No matter your name or years,
I claim all the motherless children
By the pathos of mutual tears.

All day we are going so calmly,
Our duties' wearisome round,
That none may know of hopes that lie
Buried down under the ground;
But when the daylight is ending,
And all of its cares dismissed,
When the willows are swaying gently,
Where winds of the summer list;

In the hush of the perfumed evening,—
When the heart for awhile is true—
When the stars look down in pity,
And the cypress is wet with dew;
We'll meet in the churchyard shadows,
Where the sad graves lie in a line,
Where all of the motherless children
Are sisters and brothers of mine.

A LOOK AT THE BABY

Come, yellow violets,
Tip-toe up, buttercups,
  Sun, you may have just a peep;
Look at the size of her,
Look at the eyes of her,
  Smiling at God in her sleep.

THE REBUFF

'Twas leap year, and so,
I asked for a kiss—
I shouldn't, I know,
But it happened like this—
His eyes were so blue,
His hands so caressing;
I knew that he knew
What my heart was confessing;
So—I asked for a kiss,
And it happened like this;
His mother said, "No,"
And went on with his dressing!

THE DREAMY WAY

Roaming and roaming and roaming so late,
Some one is seeking the Sleepland Gate;
Somebody peeps through the silvery slats
With faint little rat-tat-tats.

Is it the baby whose eyes wouldn't shut?
Who lingered in Cry-land so long—tut, tut!
Come, Policeman, covered with stars,
And down with the Dreamland Bars!

Down with the bars and open the gate!
Says the Lady of Night: "It is very late
For you, little love, little dove, to stray
So far from the Dreamy Way."

THE BOY AND THE NODDING TRILLIUM

Squirrels chattered 's if to say;
"Is that the boy that ran away?"

Everything that I could see,
Just stood still and stared at me.

But, where a little wood-path led,
I saw a flower nod its head,

So, on I went a way—and then,
It seemed to nod me home again!

MARCH

Pedagogue Calendar sat at his desk,
With his spectacles on his nose;
When in came tramping,
And in came stamping
Old Mr. Windy-Cum-Blows;
A noisy urchin followed him in,—
With tousled hair and ruddy skin,
Big wide eyes and a big, wide grin—
And Pedagogue Calendar, smiling and arch,
Cried, "Bless my soul, if it isn't March!"

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY

Bud O'Malley, with his very red hair,
And his very, very, very green tie;
Sure, he was a pleasing sight
For good Saint Patrick's eye...

Sweet Miss Tulip thought him
A new posy, without doubt;
And all agreed who saw him
That Bud had blossomed out!

APRIL FOOL

An April sky,
  All smiling and blue,—
Spoke the Sun to the Earth,
  "Good-morrow to you."

Said the wise, wise man,
  "No rain for to-day,
So haste, little folk,
  To the woods away!"

So, off to the woods
  With its leafy bowers,
Went the boys and girls
  For the April flowers.

But a roguish cloud
  Looked out of the sky,
And smiled as the children
  In white, went by.

And the tinkling rain-drops,
  Soft and cool,
Laughed down, as they fell
  With an "April Fool!"

THE CHILD AMONG THE DAISIES

"Now where would you go, little maid
O whither away?"
"Where daisies are waiting for me,
Tis there I would stray."

"Of what do they speak, little maid,—
The daisies so true?"
"They speak of the bees and the birds,
The sun and the dew."

"Of what do you dream, little maid,—
Where daisies are white?"
"I dream of the Father who gives
The flowers and the light."

WAVING GRAIN

North Dakota

A sky of sapphire blue,
  A long and fragrant lane,
And far away as eye can reach
  A sea of waving grain.

And like a timid child—
  Dainty and shy and sweet—
The pink face of a wilding rose
  Growing among the wheat.

Pink flower and sapphire sky,
  And emerald fields of grain,
And One above, who guards alike
  The mountain and the plain.

Forevermore shall stay,
  A memory passing sweet,
Of one long drive through fragrant lanes
  'Mid swaying seas of wheat.

THE BOSTON OWL

Bostonian owls, they say,
In the dusk of a woodland way
Call out through the twilight gray—
  Instead of To-who,
  As other owls do—
To-whom, To-whom, To-whom!
So highly grammatical they, [gloom—
You may hear them call through the gathering
To-whom, To-whom, To-whom?

APPLE-TREE TOWN

Three wise men lived in Apple-tree Town,
So wise, each wore a big, big frown;
But they couldn't tell whether—
  Ahem! ahem!—
An apple seed points to the flower
  Or the stem;
'Tis sad, but true,
That none of them knew.
Do you? Do you? Do you?

THE POET'S DILEMMA

A poet paused in the midst of his song,
Struck by a thought so fine and strong,
That he fairly gasped with glee;
But when he put it into his verse,
So crisp and witty, so bright and terse—
The rest of the poem at once became
So weak and vapid, so crude and lame,
That the poet was frightened out of his wits
And tore it into a thousand bits...
And never again, be it noon or night,
Or early or late, has he tried to write
Until the Muse he has first besought
To keep him safe from a brilliant thought;
"Such things get into my work," saith he,
"And spoil the sense of my poetry."

TRULY VALOROUS

"The world has crying need," said he,
"Of gifted men—like me.
But the especial thing to do
Requires reflection, deep and true;
I'm needed everywhere,
And so to be quite fair,
And chance no pangs of sharp regret,
I've not done anything—as yet."

MRS. POOL CASTS REFLECTIONS

Greedy Mrs. Pool
Has told her star boarders,—
And they, in turn,
Have spread it all about—
That pretty Miss Moon
Is on her last quarter,
And will have to be
Put out!

PRUDENT MOTHER EARTH

Good Mother Earth once took to task,
Her pretty daughter Grass—
A most flirtatious lass—
"My dear, I do not like to see
You take so many jewels from Mr. Sun," said she.

THE LITTLE MAN FROM HOW-LAND

A little man from How-land
Strayed into Cow-land,
Perched on the gate and queried, "How
Many upper front teeth has a cow?"

The folk, wise and wary,
At work in the dairy,
Paused from their labors
And looked at their neighbors.
One said he surely felt like a dunce,
For he'd counted 'em more than once!
One made a statement,
One made a guess,
While some said more,
And some said less...

The South wind laughed,
The crickets chaffed,
The poplars shook
And whispered the brook;
The Moon-man winked,
The people of Cow-land blinked
And said: "Let's go and see!"
But the little man only said: "Tee hee!"
As he hobbled away from Cow-land—
This funny little man from How-land!

Part III

WORLDS

THE WORLD OF WANT

Part I.

"And yet another
Uplifts his voice, to let me know a brother
Travels the same dim road, though out of sight."
—City of Dreadful Night.

I stood upon a morning height and saw
The aeons roll. I caught the light of time
And felt the glad vibrations of the stars.
A century new rolled grandly into space
Golden with light of promise, while the old
Still lingered in the glory of its going.
Filled was my heart with love, with love of love,
Of life, of all that is.

The amber sea,
The purpling peak, the bursting bud, the bloom,
Shook me with ecstasy. Sweet love and life
Thrilled every sense, when lo! a sound of woe
Fell on mine ear, and turning, swift as thought,
I looked from my World Beautiful through shades
As deep as Hell to that World Hideous where
My brother dwelt.

There, grim and gaunt he stood...
Wan-eyed Despair alone companioned him.
I saw the knotted hands, the twisted frame,
The hungry eyes, housing a famished soul;
And even as I gazed, he fell, as falls
The stricken brute, then struggling weakly up
Bent to his task again, as bent to oar
The galley slave of old.

Then heard I there,
In that dark world of his, the lean wolf's cry;
And saw young babes lie gasping out their lives
In homes where grewsome Want held fearful sway;
And beauteous girls I saw, selling themselves
For bread to thrice-damned monsters guised as men.
"Christ Jesus," then I gasped, and stood awhile
In anguish dumb, till like another's voice
I heard mine own call loudly o'er the gulf
Of light between...

"Courage, my brother, yet.
In this new century's dawn, I see foreshown
That day when God the nations shall convulse;
I see His forces rushing on in wrath.
Across the broad and glimmering Plains of Time
Torrents of Truth come sweeping on apace
To inundate the old worlds—yours and mine—
That from the cleansing may arise and stand
A nobler world, where Justice shall be king.
Rise, weary brother, rise and face the morn,
Rise, brother, rise...our God is living yet!"

THE WORLD OF WANT

Part II.

The Hills of Hope

Musing alone upon the Hills of Hope,
One day, I found sweet Love close at my side,
Who, looking on me with her steadfast eyes,
Stood pointing, pointing down. Awhile I gazed
When lo! a light flashed in upon my soul
And I obeyed. The stars shot gleams of joy
As to the rhythm of the Universe
Love-led, I left my heights and followed on.

Blue were the violets and gold the sun,
Quivered the turf with drops of opal dew;
And pausing there for one last upward look
I thought I felt God's hand upon my brow.
And so with joyous heart I journeyed on,
Though ever drearer grew the downward path;
Skulls, grinning white on either side my way,
A grisly fungus, sprang upon the view...
Black torrents roared, but on with Love I went,
Down to the deepest depths of Want's domain.
And there I thought my heart must surely break
At sight of woes and wrongs undreamable;
Yet I was haply 'ware as on we passed
That sweet Love shed on direst miseries
A ray of light divine—a light that grew
Till, blessed miracle, it shone, a flame
Rosy and luminous, and bathed this world
Of darkness in the glory of its glow.
It fell on starving men and gave them life;
It caught and stayed the stealthy hand of crime,
And young feet drew from the red Walk of Death.

It gave unto long blinded eyes to see
Where Sin's black precipice drops down to Hell;
And cunning, crafty eyes, grown wild with hate
From long oppression, human grew once more.
It glowed where little children eerie-eyed
And weary-hearted, toiled. The sick and old,
Lying in hovels on their beds of pain,
Started in dreams as though an angel called!

Far blowing from the purple Hills of Hope
What sound, sweet Christ, is this that shakes the air,
And thrills the pulses of Humanity?
See'st how the starvelings hush the anguished moan,
Lifting white, startled faces to the skies,
While others prostrate fall and hug the earth
With list'ning ear upon her thrilling heart?

They come...the shining ranks of Brotherhood,
Led hither by the beacon light of Love...
Now shall God's law in nature be restored—
The workers of the world loosed of their chains.
As fell Medusa, of the scorpion locks,
So shall the Gorgon Want, gray-faced and chill,
All staring-eyed and sunken-breasted, fall.
Where grew the bitter, burning thorns of Strife
Shall bloom the snowy lilies of Content...
So sweep we on into the higher life;
So pass we from the purple Hills of Hope
On to the splendors of the Time-To-Be.

DESTRUCTION OF CARTHAGE

Music and feasting and mirth,
And light—in the halls of Rome;
While darkness and cold and death enfold
Each Carthaginian home.
O, revelers, pause for a space,
Turning triumphant eyes,
For a moment o'er to a darkened shore,
Where desolate Carthage lies.

For, there in the ashes gray,
Of every smouldering home,
That is furrowed now by the ruthless plow,
Is written the fate of Rome.
Birds in ominous flight,
Winds in sorrowing sighs,
Crowd on the sight of the Seer tonight,
Their menacing prophecies.

Man, in the struggle of life,
A rival is overthrown,
But pause in the power of the triumph hour
And read in his fate thine own.
Ah well proud Scipio weeps,
Divining his country's fall,
For Nemesis peers through the veil of years,
And grimly awaiteth all.

AT PHILIPPI

In the tent the waning light
  Flar-ed low,
As the Spectre's warning fell
  Sad and slow,
On the sleeping Brutus' ear,
  Long ago.

Saw he, as the vision passed,
  Just a trace
Of the love that once was his,
  In the face
Cold and pallid, as he cowered

  In his place?
Felt he all the woeful shame
  Of the thrust
At the heart which for him held
  No distrust?
Saw he all his hopes disperse
  As the dust?

Dreamed he, as the grieving hours
  Faltered by,
Of the plains beneath the blue
  Thracian sky,
Where, again he must confront
  Caesar's eye?

Comes a voice unto us now,
  Low and clear,
Falls upon the list'ning heart—
  Will ye hear?
Telling of a day that still
  Draweth near.

When the good resolves we crush
  In their bloom,—
Tender plants of love that die
  In the gloom
Of the heart where Self and Pride
  Leave no room.—

Shall in spectral form arise,
  By and by,
On the day when we shall stand—
  You and I—
On the borders of our own
  Philippi.

LIBERTY BELL DAY

(At Panama-Pacific International Exposition)

From out the caverns of the Past
The Old Bell comes
To speak to us upon Balboa's shore.
The voice long prisoned
In that throat of bronze
Yet sound today
Above the cannons' roar;
And through it still Leviticus intones
A message that is heard around the world.
"Pro-c-l-a-i-m Liberty
Throughout all the land,
Unto all
The inhabitants thereof..."

The songs of little children
Mingle with the din of trumpets...
Roses snow and scarlet, violets blue,
Vie with the Sacred Colors rippling high
Or borne by grizzled veterans;
And in the swaying crowd, I see
Faces from all nations of the earth
With eyes upturned, in silent homage.
The soul of the Old Bell speaks to our list'ning [hearts—
The air is tense.

The golden pansies send their incense up.
About the Fount of Energy
White doves are circling.
The blue Pacific stretches out before.
Across that sea are dying men,
Their flocks untended,
Their fields untilled,
The fires of Home gone out
Upon the hearth.
What does the Old Bell say,
Speaking to us today
Upon Balboa's shore?

June, 1915.

IN MEMORY OF DONALD HANKEY

(Author of "A Student In Arms,"—died in action, Oct. 26, '16.)

A year ago, upon the Western Front,
You died in action,
Who wrote of "The Belov-ed Captain,"
"Wastrels,"
And "The Flowers of Flanders."
Bravely,
As was your wont
To any task assigned,
You went to death.
I mind how gentle Keats
With dying breath,
Low murmur-ed:
"I feel the flowers growing over me,"
And think, with that Hellenic soul,
You must have felt
Lilies of Galilee,
Campions and ragged robins
Growing over you
Upon that field of red.
And the Belov-ed Captain must have come
And knelt in darkness there—
As in the days of old—
With Christ-like care,
To minister once more to the bruised feet.
And all the merry wastrels—
Boyish-sweet—
Who made Death look a fool, in face
Of their high courage,—
Lingered near,
To lend their cheer
To you, loved Student.
When, at last,—like them
Beyond the reach of War's alarms,—
You, too, laid down your arms.

FLAME IT ON

Flame it across the sea,
Flame it on!
To every bivouac fire let the lightning leap and run,
Flame it on!
That the world has seen the borning of a new Democracy,
And the bells of death are sounding for an old Autocracy,
Flame it on, on, on,
Flame it on!

Flame it across the sea,
Flame it on!
Down lines of distant battle let the fiery message run,
Flame it on!
That the God of Right is marching in the Armies of the Free
And the Universe is rocking to the tread of Liberty,
Flame it on, on, on,
Flame it on!

SONG OF THE MARCHING FEET

(Dedicated to the Red Cross)

Beat, Beat,
Go the feet—marching;
Staunch feet, steady feet,
Dauntless and ready feet,
Off for the fray;
Fearless and cheery their marching,
Marching—marching away.

Soft be the wool we are knitting,
Firm and fair be the fitting,
As, fingers so fleet
We knit to the beat,
The beat of the marching feet.

Mothers, these are the feet,
That warm and velvety pink,
You held in the hollow of your one hand—
Cunning as one could think!
(God, in the hollow of thy dear Hand
Hold them safe by sea and by land;)
Marching, marching, marching today,
The feet are marching away.

And these are the roguish feet,
That heedless of rhyme or rule,
Through puddles of tempting mud
Splashed happily home from school.
(Stern the road for the feet today,
Puddles of red by Flanders' way;)
Marching, marching, marching are they,
The feet are marching away.

Swiftly the fingers are flitting,
Here, where the women sit, knitting;
But the labor is sweet,
And high hearts beat
To the beat of the marching feet,

Ah! for those boyish feet,
Should they march o'er the heavenly hill,
These love-knit stitches of wool
May comfort and warm them still.
(Mother of Him of the pierc-ed feet,
List for a martial beat, beat, beat...)

Beat, Beat,
All through the day,
Our hearts with the feet
Go marching away.

THE MAIDEN TO DIANA

Diana, in your moon car,
  O'er the fields of France—
Tell me if you see my Knight
  Of the shining lance.

You'll know him in his khaki,
  The same lad is he
Who watched for you at even,
  By the old gate with me.

As you did love Endymion,—
  So dear to me, is he...
O, steal where he lies sleeping
  And touch his lips for me...

Diana, in your silver car,
  Over Flanders' plain,
Tell me not you see my love
  Sleeping with the slain...

THE STAR

O Laddie, in camps of war,
  Wherever your brown head lies—
Watch for the gleam of a golden star,
  Set as a sign in the skies.

For I whispered my love afar—
  Winging it up through the blue—
And from its bosom of gold, the star
  Is shining it down to you.

BROTHERS

A wind arose in the night,
  And blew through the hearts of men,
And Self fell away like a blight—
  Lo, they were brothers again.

A Flag went over the sea,
  Its Stars and Stripes unfurled,
And the winds of Liberty
  Went sweeping around the world.

THE PROBLEM

"Now, come ye" quoth the Master,
"Now, come ye, one and all,
And solve a problem I will give
Alike to the great and small."

And then he gave the problem—
A wonderful one, I ween,—
And bade them solve it on a board,
The largest was ever seen.

And the children all went forward
To solve the wonderful sum;
And millions stood at the blackboard,
And millions are yet to come.

Some made glorious figures,
With beautiful curves and signs—
And some made hideous blunders,
With crooked, horrible lines.

Some who began in earnest,
Grew hasty and tired so soon
That the goodly work of the morning
Was blotted and soiled by noon.

And some, as the shades of even
Grew nigh, cried out in pain;
"Ah, now I could solve the problem,
Could I but begin again."

And still they worked at the blackboard—
While millions looked on to see—
And the Master saw each figure,
But never a word spake he.

And lo! the girls grew women—
  Fair as the radiant sun—
And the little boys were bearded,
  While yet was the task not done.

For still it grew stranger and deeper,
  And nearer the great throng pressed,
To see the wonderful problem
  And he who should solve it best.

And the workers there at the blackboard
  Grew weary and bent with years,
And the board was white with figures,
  And dampened with many tears.

At last when their failing vision
  Grew dim in the waning light,
They knew that the answer was coming,
  And shivered in vague affright.

Then Death came in at the doorway—
  The Master was in his place—
"The children have solved the problem,
  I see by each tranquil face.

By the Grace of God, I, therefore,
  The great King Death, proclaim
The long, long problem's answer,
  And the workers' age and name.

And every vice and virtue
  Of their lives is here unfurled;
For the children solved **the Sum of Life,**
  On the Blackboard of the World."

THE GOLD SEEKERS

The panting steamer slowly drops
  Away from the crowded pier;
The blackened decks recede from view
  And leave me musing here.

Away where the gold so warm and red
  Lies hid in the dark earth's breast;
Little the reck of danger and cold,
  Aglow with the golden quest.

The radiant youth with kindling eye,
  In manhood's early dawn,
The pale man with the student's stoop,
  The stalwart man of brawn—

All, all with fevered, burning gaze
  Fixed on the fields of gold;
Ah, well-a-day! for a faith that's firm
  And a heart that is brave and bold.

For those there be who will come again
  All broken, and bent and wan;
And others left in the Arctic snows
  Will slumber forever on.

And some will empty-handed come,
  Who have missed the golden goal;
And some with gold, too dear, alas!
  The price of a sinless soul.

And those at home will sit at night—
  And the wind sweeps where it wills—
With hearts away in a lonely shack
  In the wild Alaskan hills.

'Tis thus I muse on the lonely quay
  Whence the hurrying crowd is gone,
While far away for the frozen North
  A flag of smoke trails on.

THE GLORY HOLE

The story still is told—
Wherever men forgather in that far land of gold—
How that he came
With eyes blue-flame,
Down through the Artic cold
To an old mine, [earth hidden,
Where workers delved for treasure in the brown
And gave himself unbidden,
Pouring his young strength out like golden wine.

The foreman on his morning round,
Paused, gazed and frowned:
"No work for you," he said, "move on;"
But nooning found him still not gone;
"What are you working for?" the foreman cried;
"Working for glory, sir;" the youth replied,
Smiling and undismayed...
And on that footing stayed.

And so the spot was called "The Glory Hole,"
Half in derision—
But strangely prospered every soul;
The spirit of the dauntless lad
Made tired hearts to be glad—
Each kindling dawn
Saw some new feat of brain or brawn; [vision,
Men gave their fealty to him whose was the greater
And in good time he grew to be—
So runs the story— [glory.
Joint owner in the mine where first he worked for

A homely tale of pluck
And high endeavor...
Conquest of circumstance
To set the red blood glowing;
There be who call it luck,
And so forever,
Uncertain as the fickle breezes blowing
Drift on the tides of chance.

HOLD THE TORCH HIGH

Hold the torch high!
  Let it flare on the wind;
Fling the flame far,
  There are others behind.

See the white stars
  Leaning out from the blue,
Heavenly messengers
  Beckoning you...

Flame of your truth
  Streaming up to the stars,
Shall shine down a healing
  For sin and its scars.

Hold the torch high!
  You may light up the trail,
Souls of new Galahads
  Seeking the Grail.

THE TWO CANDLES

I saw two candles burning
  In Life's room;
A thousand more, unlighted,
  In the gloom...

One gave the others freely
  Of its light,
And one gave nothing through
  The long, dark night.

The light of one, a thousand-fold
  Was multiplied...
None marked the selfish candle
  When its cold light died.

MEMORIAL MORN IN THE CEMETERY

Shadows, like mourners, still lingering, weeping,
Lie on the graves where the soldiers are sleeping.

Soldiers who died for Columbia's glory
Blind to our weeping, and deaf to the story;

Home, after marches all lonely and weary,
Rest they in silence somber and eerie.

Drops hanging heavy, like tears on the lashes,
Gleam where a beam of the early light flashes.

Softly and sweetly the breezes are hymning,
As eyes of the stars in the dawning are dimming;

For over the world, in its beauty awaking,
The dawn of Memorial morning is breaking.

Laden with garlands, she moves in her splendor,
Morning of memories tearful yet tender.

Shower the white flowers on mounds overarching,
As, down the dim aisles come veterans marching.

Patriots! ever, from all desecration,
Guard this Memorial Day of the Nation;

For years are as beads; Time telling them slowly,
Shall add to the Past new memories holy,

Till graves which the garlands today are adorning,
Shall ope in the light of Eternity's morning.

THE CHILDREN'S FLOWERS

O, the armies of little children,
With faces fresh as the flowers,
Marching and countermarching
Over this land of ours.
Hearts as pure as the dew drop,
Thoughts as sweet as a prayer,
Bright Memorial morning
Thou'lt shine on naught so fair.

Into those halls of silence,
Where sleep the Nation's dead,
When the muffled drum is beating
To the veterans' martial tread;
Above the strains of music,
Throbbing so faint and sweet,
Is heard, with thrilling heartstrings,
The sound of the children's feet.

Over the graves of the heroes,
Bending with tender grace,
They lay their snowy tributes
Lovingly there in place,
And, I think, to the angels watching,
No flowers are quite so fair,
As those which the hands of children
Have laid in their fragrance there.

SPEED THE DAY

Beameth there a kindlier dawn?
  Speed the day!
Lamp of Love and Brotherhood,
  Light the way!
When no man shall calmly sleep
While his stricken brothers weep,
And the lean wolf evermore
Howleth at a neighbor's door;
When no one shall ask for bread
And receive a stone instead—
  Speed the day!

Beameth there a kindlier dawn,
  As we pray,
Quickening the hearts of men?
  Speed the day!
When Christ's lambs no more shall lie
In foul tenements and die,
While His sunshine streameth bright
Where sweet fields of daisies white
Listen, open-eyed, to greet
Welcome sounds of children's feet—
  Speed the day!

Yes, a kindlier morning breaks
  Through the gray!
It is dawning, it is here—
  Speed the day!
Justice leans with list'ning ear,
And with heart attuned to hear
Suffering's sorrowful appeals,
'Bove the roar of Mammons' wheels;
Men of giant heart and mind,
Champions of human kind
  Speed the day!

THE ROSE OF PEACE

Spirit of War, with sulph'rous breath,
Begone, thou red Ally of Death!
And hide thee, hide thee, bloody Mars,
Behind the snowy-surpliced Stars!
Across the Universe they speak—
Deep-throated bells—from peak to peak
Their far-blown echoes throb and roll
Into the chambers of the soul...
"Smile sea and earth, and field and flower,"
They ring, "Christ's blessing on the hour.
Behold, the Rose of Peace unfurled
In God's fair Garden of the World."

Part IV

MEMORY PRINTS

MEMORY PRINTS

Michigan Woods

Winter in the woods...
Deep snow—piled high.
A new cabin—rough boards
Smelling sweet and cedary...
Men from the mill eating;
One called Eric
With blue eyes and red nose.
Dusk... [water...
My father with a shining new tin pail going for
I, following—trying to step in his tracks,—
Deep wells of snow—
Steep down a snow-bank, a little spring
Gurgling over moss and brown pebbles...
My father dipping the water,
Tin pail tinkling on the pebbles...
And, in the light of the young moon
A slender green fish,
Darting, circling wildly around the gleaming walls
Of its tall tin prison.

IN COUNT OKUMA'S GARDENS

Winds of faint fragrance,
Blowing full dreamily,
Kissing the faces
Of pale, mystic orchids;
Dainty, pink petals
Of cherry-bloom drifting
Lazily down
Over shrines of the Olden...
Garden of Poesy,
Beauty enthralling!
I walk there in Fancy
Though seas roll between.

HERE'S TO THE LAND OF THE BLOSSOMING CHERRY

For Yone Noguchi

Here's to the Land of the blossoming cherry,
  Here's to the friends that we prize;
And here's to the hours, both pensive and merry,
  Spent under Japanese skies.

BARONESS ALBERT d'ANETHAN

Belgian Legation, Tokyo, Japan

You are wearing a large white hat...
Sitting in the gardens
Of Legation de Belgique,
Reading to me from the unpublished manuscript
Of you new book...
A great golden Buddha
Gazing placidly upon us
Glitters in the sunlight.
The camelia-trees
Are in bloom...
I have been thinking of you today—
And of how your heart has since been torn
With grief
Over Belgium...
And how you can, at last,
Be glad
That the good Baron did not live to see
The desecration of the loved land he represented
In the Mikado's realm—
But, in that little Buddhist burying-ground,
Dreams of the smiling Belgium
Of his youth...
While great Lafcadio Hearn
Lies near,
Dreaming long dreams
Of Old Japan.

IN GRAMERCY PARK

Two busy birds above our heads,
  Murmur of mating mysteries;
A-shine in snowy moons of bloom
  Stand seven slim magnolia trees.

I sit alone with Spring—and you,
  The iron gates keep watch and ward;
The slanting sunbeams sift their gold
  O'er tree and sward.

A timid wish I keep to make
  When one sweet star swims in the skies;
I wait...then turn to see my star
  Is prisoned in your eyes.

WESTPORT-BY-THE-SEA

I wish that I might walk today
Where roll the waters cool and gray,
Across that wild and windy strand
Where rise those haunting heaps of sand—
Those sands at first so drear to me,
Those sands that are so dear to me,
  At Westport-by-the-Sea.

I saw thy stately lighthouse tower
First in a summer sunset hour,
And heard the merry, lilting tunes
Of children singing on the dunes—
Those sifting, shifting waves of sand,
Those mellow, yellow graves of sand,—
Those sands so mystical to me,
  At Westport-by-the-Sea.

Companioned only by my dreams
I marked Aurora's crimson beams,
And, there where now the jetty runs,
I heard the boom of hostile guns;
Across those sands of history,
Across those sands of mystery—
Those sands so magical to me,
  At Westport-by-the-Sea.

I saw thy changing harbor-light
Streaming athwart the misty night;
And 'bove the breakers' roar and din
I heard the pulsing tide creep in
Across those shimmering piles of sand,
Across those glimmering tiles of sand—
Those sands so wonderful to me,
At Westport-by-the-Sea.

At twilght, where the laurel waves
Above those lonely Indian graves,
I thought I saw the warriors stand
Upon the dunes, a spectral band—
Among those quivering rills of sand,
Among those shivering hills of sand,
Strange and mysterious to me,
At Westport-by-the-Sea.

I would that I were there today,
I mind me that the skies are gray;
And yet I would that I might be
Where winds of Heaven wander free;
Could hear again the lilting tunes
The children sang upon the dunes—
The dunes at first so drear to me,
The dunes that are so dear to me,
At Westport-by-the-Sea.

ON CALIFORNIA'S RUSSET HILLS

On California's russet hills
  I walked one autumn day,
Knee-deep the pointed, perfumed quills
  Of pine around me lay;
A golden glow was in the air,
A glow of gold was everywhere.

On California's russet hills,
  Amid her leaves and vines,
I drank with deep, ecstatic thrills
  The perfume of her pines;
Afar, on fair Francisco Bay
A white-winged boat at anchor lay...

My heart had striven long with pain—
  Its fetters fell away,
I felt a thrill of joy again
  That fair, autumnal day
I trod the piney, perfumed quills
On California's russet hills.

WHERE THE RHODODENDRONS GROW

There's a mystical spot I know
  Where the shadows swing and sway.
And the musical breezes blow
  Through the sweet of the summer day;
And there, an ocean of rose and snow,
My beautiful rhododendrons grow.

In the glow of the soft June light
  Their faces glimmer and gleam,
Or they swing on the breast of night
  In a sweet and languorous dream—
O, Minstrel Wind play soft, play low,
Where the beautiful rhododendrons grow.

The fays have a crimson bower
  In the blossom's heart, I ween,
And they dance in the midnight hour
  On the leaves of emerald sheen—
O, lightly come, and lightly go
Where the magical rhododendrons grow.

Bloom on, through the summer hours
  In park or in forest way;
Blush on, O luminous flowers!
  There's a charm that will ever stay
In a fragrant nook, on a road I know,
Where the rose-lipped rhododendrons grow.

MORRO ROCK

Morro Beach, California

Daring white riders...
Plunging green horses...
Endless battalions
Ever advancing
In thund'rous assault;
Where Morro, the Silent,
Dark, enigmatic,
Still and symbolic,
Towers o'er the tumult—
And heeds not the splashing,
The crashing and dashing—
The frothing uproar
At his feet.

AT FUNERAL PYRE OF JOAQUIN MILLER

Here, on your rugged steeps,
O, Poet,
I dream of Oeta, in the Grecian hills;
And of that other strong man
Who gave his mighty bow and arrows
To Philoctetes,
And laid him down serene
Upon his funeral pyre—
His lion-skin drawn over him,
His hunter's club
Beneath his head...

Even so, you,
Through sunset flame I see
Ascending,
Your own Mount Oeta...
Arrows of your song
Flung free,
To pierce with poignant melody
The souls of men;
Strongheart...poet...hunter of dreams...

As Heracles, ascending,
Took his destined place
Among the stars,
Even so, you...

I see your kingly star
Wheel grandly in
To its appointed place,
Where God is busy—
In His highest heaven—
Setting a new constellation,
Blazoned with souls
Of Earth's dead poets,
Singing gloriously!

A LINE OR TWO

For Arequipa Club Banquet, on being asked for "A Line or Two."

What can we say in a line or two,
When friends are dear and hearts are true?

How can I bring in a line or two,
The fragrant thoughts I would leave with you?

Ah—forever old and forever new,
Life's tale may be told in a line or two...

For, versed in Friendship's mystic signs,
We may read the story between the lines.

Part V

SONNETS

MOUNT TACOMA

An actor of weird power and grace art thou!
In what role can I say I love thee best?
When, like a surpliced priest who late confessed
The dying, thou dost stand with pensive brow
In solemn contemplation? Or, anon,
When like a new-made bride, rosy and bright
And warm with blushes, dimpling in the light
Of sunrise? Or, all sorrowful and wan,
In the blue pallor of a wintry day
Like a sad spirit in its winding-sheet?
Nay, none of these doth suit my fancy well
As when at night I see thee, stern and gray,
The Sentry of the Sound, at midnight spell,
Guarding the sleeping treasure at thy feet.

MOUNT TAMALPAIS

Leaving the mists and bare brown hills below
We came to Tamalpais, where he stood
In kirtle all of green, like Robin Hood,
His Merry Men around. A golden glow
Filled all the air. We looked above and lo!
The crescent moon at midday smiled, as 'twould
Meet us half way. Birds warbled: "God is good,"
The breezes, 'round us sang, and row on row,
The serried hills replied. Beneath us frowned
San Quentin's prison walls, while San Rafael,
A picture city, shimmered in the sun.
A blue stream babbled near, Afar, the sound
Of mighty billows, booming: "All is well!
Shout, Peaks, and praise Him, the Eternal One!"

CALIFORNIA

If I, most humble of all bards, dare sing
The glories of this storied Land of Gold,
Esteem me honest, friends, if overbold.
I love thy circling hills—a giant ring,
Set with the sapphire of Saint Francis' Bay;
I stand upon their russet heights and gaze
O'er mystic miles of blue and watery ways
Out through the Golden Gate, at set of day,
And deem that Heaven itself lies close at hand;
And when God's white stars look with radiant
gleam
Through drooping leaves of Eucalyptus, I,
A vagrant idler in this lyric land
Confess her beauties utterly, and lie
Upon her breast and dream and dream and dream.

THE PEAKS AT DAWN

The swart king, Night, with death has come to grips;
The tender sky has sent her cooling balm,
And pressed in pity to his paling lips
Her crucifix of stars. Grey-grim and calm
Old peaks, the chill watch keep, sitting with feet
Drawn under them—each huddled in her shawl
Of mist—waiting with hard, cold eyes replete
With irony, the bearers of the pall.

One virgin peak tugs at my heart for that
She cradles something to her bosom bare;
Finds the young Morning sanctuary there
From runners of the dusky autocrat?
Swathed in Madonna blue she sits...and now
A coming glory aureoles her brow.

UNREVEALED

O beauteous songs awaiting to be sung...
O, priceless love that never is revealed
But, lies like jewels of the sea, concealed.
O, pearls of thought awaiting to be strung...
O, warrior brave, who never rode afield;
O, val'rous knight, who never bore a shield...
O Poet, whose wild songs have never rung
Out to the world, but with strange, subtle art
Make everything in nature thine by right...
O, pictures fair, awaiting still the hand
Of cunning, that shall play its destined part—
Be patient, wait...'twill not be always night;
Soon shall be heard the great word of command!

TACOMA, THE ROSE OF THE WEST

There's a city whose star
Sends its radiance afar,
  A city the fairest, the best;
We hear of its glory,
In song and in story,
  Tacoma, the Rose of the West.

  Chorus—
Then, follow the light of Tacoma's star,
Come from anear,
Come from afar;
Over the hills and over the plain,
List to the sound of the stirring strain...
Follow the star
Destiny's star,
Come where the myriad workers are;
Gracious and blest,
Fairest and best,
Tacoma, Tacoma, the Rose of the West.

For the brave and the bold,
Both glory and gold
  Await at the end of the quest;
Where sea-winds' aroma
Breathe over Tacoma,
  Tacoma, the Rose of the West.

THE RARE OLD, FAIR OLD STATE OF WASHINGTON

(Read before Washington State Press Association upon the author's return from a year's travel and study in the Orient.)

I sing the charms of Washington...how bright her shores appear
Returning from an alien land, and old home friends —how dear!
Let poets of Yamato praise her dreamy Inland Sea,
Fair Puget's smiling waters are more beautiful to me,
Oft have I gazed on Fuji San, whose sacred heights arise
Stately and awe-inspiring, against Gotemba's skies;
Gazed on great Fujiyama, all mystical and lone,
And wondered in what changing light our own loved mountain shone...

For, dearer than the rest,
And better than the best
Is this golden region of the Setting Sun...
You may travel anywhere
And find nothing to compare
With the rare old, fair old State of Washington.

Though we touched at fragrant isles in summer seas,
Where the odorous ilang-ilang perfumed each passing breeze;
Though temples rose in beauty across the Quannon plains,
And miles of cherry blossoms made pink the country lanes;
Though weirdly smiling Buddhas were seen on every hand,
And poesy and wonder were over all the land...

Yet, dearer than the rest,
And better than the best
Is this golden region of the Setting Sun...
You may travel anywhere
And find nothing to compare
With the rare old, fair old State of Washington.

ENCHANTMENT

In dreams of glory I have seen the hills—
  The hills enwrapped in mystic, purple haze,
With shadows dancing on the silver rills
  And blossoms blossoming in sunlit ways.

And I have walked in the enchanted road,
  And I have climbed the dizzy hill alone,
Where holly and green bay and roses strewed
  The path that led me to my waiting throne.

Awake me not too rudely; I would fain
  Dream on in glory while the morning stays...
I do not care for all your worldly gain—
  I do not wish to learn your wiser ways.

For, though I miss the purple magic gleam,
  And all my fairest hopes dissolve in tears,
I'd rather have the memory of the dream
  Than all the wise philosophy of years.

One moment when the thrill of fire divine
  Bathes life in its celestial, rosy hue,
Then joy and peace and faith and hope are mine,
  And life is ecstasy...and love is true.

LAUGHTER TOWN

Here are lush, green places, friends,
Let us pause e'er the journey ends.

Pitch our tents where the river sings
The peace and rapture of little things...

Lie on our backs, away from the din,
And let the gold of the sun sink in...

Draw down laughter from the trees,
Drink of Nature's melodies...

Putting off the fret and frown...
Getting back to Laughter town!

SEAL IT AWAY

The Old Year dies tonight,
  Seal it away;
All in the snowy light—
  Seal it away;
The record is finished forever and aye,
Sign it and seal it and fold it away,
To bide in silence the Judgment Day...
  Seal it away.

Roll up the scroll tonight,
  Seal it away;
In the midnight, cold and white,
  Seal it away;
Seal it away with its mysteries,
Its sweet or sorrowful histories,
High as the heavens, deep as the seas,...
  Seal it away.

Speed it with smiles or tears,
  Seal it away;
In the Book of Eternal Years,
  Seal it away;
View through the misty distances,
Its pitiful inconsistencies,
Its yieldings and its resistances...
  Seal it away.

Fold it away from sight,
  Seal it away;
Alike with its bloom or blight,
  Seal it away;
Behold, the Keeper has come for the keys,
Seal with the seal of the centuries,
The record shall stand for aye as it is...
  Seal it away.

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